THE NEW YORK HERALD.

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OUR TRIBUTE

OBSEQUIES TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SCENES IN CITY HALL.

Over One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Men, Women and Children View the Body.

Three Long Trains of Sadly Disappointed Mourners.

THE PROCESSION.

One of the Most Imposing Displays the World Ever Saw.

THE DEAD MARCH.

Nearly One Hundred Thousand People in Line.

All Nationalities, All Religions, All Trades, All Classes, All Politics, All Colors Represented.

Three-Quarters of a Million of Silent Spectators.

Scenes in the Park, Scenes on Broadway, Scenes on Fifth Avenue.

THE FUNERAL CAR.

The Multitude Uncover as It Passes Along the Route.

THE DEPARTURE.

CEREMONIES IN UNION SQUARE.

ORATION BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

Services by the Rev. Drs. Tyng, Thompson, Boole, Osgood, Hitchcock and Rogers and the Rabbi Isaacs.

THE BENEDICTION.

New York never before saw such a day as it witnessed yesterday. Rome in the palmiest days of its power never witnessed such a triumphal march as New York yesterday formed and looked upon. When four years ago Abraham Lincoln passed through the city to be armed with authority as the nation's leader, Broadway sufficed to contain the crowd which, with varied sentiments, cheered, and scoffed, and scowled him a doubtful welcome. When yesterday the same people, inspired with a common, universal sorrow, sadly followed his body, crowned with more glorious honors as the nation's savior, the same wide street held hardly a fraction of them. Then he was going to be crowned chief magistrate of a divided people and disruptured nation on the eve of a great, bloody and uncertain war. Yesterday he was the great martyr of a nation united under his guidance and that of God, by the successful close of that gloomy war. Then he passed through almost unknown, and the crowd that followed his coach with cheers were actuated by curiosity as much as admiration. Yesterday it was different; yesterday witnessed the real triumphal march of Abraham Lincoln; for he had conquered the prejudices of all hordes and classes, and the hearts of the people who honored him beat with love and veneration of the man. Better for his fame that it should come thus late than too soon. This test of his success and his greatness can never be doubted or disputed.

It was not the occasion that drew the people to the streets yesterday. The city had witnessed nobler occasions than this, exciting grander passions and sublimer thoughts, but none more hallowed. Four years and a fortnight ago its people rallied spontaneously to avenge the insult thoughtlessly given at Sumter, but fearfully avenged on a hundred fields; but then the people gathered in excited groups to listen to excited words and give their approving voice to high resolves, and their hands to noble deeds. They have risen to the cry of "invasion" to repel the advancing hordes that desolated a sister State, but it was amid the wild excitement generated by the grand passion of revenge for burned cities and slaughtered friends. A little month ago they left labor and commerce and speculation to rejoice at the cry of "Victory," and its echo "Peace!" But amid that glad rejoicing there were mixed some feelings unworthy the people of a great metropolis. Yesterday they met in sorrow to pay the last honors to their noble dead, and the great multitude that, with uncovered heads, saw Abraham Lincoln's funeral car pass by were actuated and moved by a single sentiment of profound sorrow and veneration, and a high resolve and calm determination that he who had perished should not die in vain. The gloom of their sorrow shrouded the city. The calm determination lay underneath the surface. It spoke from no lips, and was expressed in but few actions. It slept, indeed, unsuspected in the depths of many a heart, but none the less for the want of expression in words did the countenances of the people declare that determination to be that "though the President dies the nation shall live." On all former occasions the city has risen in its might to the signaling of the flag of Stars and Stripes, but yesterday in the national metropolis was unfurled a flag of black, upon which that resolution was emblazoned in letters of unfading white. The spirit of the good man whom they honored will rest the better to know that no feeling of hate or vengeance marred his people's high resolve, but that they had taken his last advice to heart, and bent only upon justice and right, had determined to pursue their purpose and his own "with malice towards none, with charity for all."

That which follows from the pens of our reporters tells in detail how a hundred thousand freemen followed their martyr's body, watched by more than half a million hearts. Many of our readers will make a summary of the details we give in their own minds, and deduce some interesting facts therefrom. Those who have not the moments nor the disposition to do so will be surprised at the calculations, which are easily deducible from the well established premises which are stated.

In the twenty-four hours of daylight and darkness during which the body lay in state, not one moment elapsed that did not present a visitor to see the face of the dead. At midnight the line of those plodding their way slowly to the City Hall was as long as when it first started. Women and children rose at midnight from their beds to take their place in the line, and the whole city was alive to the desire to look upon their martyr's features. During the time in which the body remained in state it is calculated that not less than one hundred and fifty thousand persons looked upon the body.

The part of the procession composed exclusively of the military, which, when drawn up in line along the sidewalk to salute the hearse as it passed by, extended from the Hudson River depot to Union square, a distance of at least two miles, contained fifteen thousand men under arms, while in the entire procession, the head of which reached the depot, four miles distant from City Hall, fully two hours before the several hundred freedmen, who brought up the rear, started from the place of their rendezvous, were not less than seventy-five thousand souls. And before those men of sable hue, who bore the banner that termed Abraham Lincoln their "emancipator," had reached the depot, the cadets of the Military Academy at West Point had fired the salute and presented their arms to the passing funeral train. In the procession there was represented the people of every State in the North, of every clime, and almost every nationality on the face of the globe; and all felt that in joining in this last tribute to a man who was "not for one age, but for all time," they also mourned a benefactor of not one nation but of the world.

The facts from which to estimate the numbers who looked on the scene are not so easily obtained. Hours before the procession began to move lower Broadway was blocked up with a solid mass of beings, and the numerous pedestrians who poured into the city from the lower ferries were compelled early in the day to take the cars on the west side, or reach the upper part of the city by the streets running parallel with the great thoroughfare. Church and Greene streets, and the Bowery and East Broadway, as well as the more distant avenues along the East and Hudson rivers were crowded with cars, stages and pedestrians, forced off of Broadway. Upon and in every house, every balcony and railing along the line of march, men, women and children were perched and seated, while the sidewalks were continually and painfully crowded from the time that the procession began to move until the centre of attraction, the funeral car, had passed through the entire route. The persons who, forming part of the procession, moved along the entire route passed people representing not only every nationality, but citizens forming every caste of society, and it required not the experienced observation of the statesman to enable one to distinguish where the lines of demarcation between the different castes were drawn. They were visible in dress, in manners, in style, conversation and countenance, and to one not used to the cosmopolite gatherings of a great democratic city, was one of the most remarkable studies presented by the ever changing scene. And not less remarkable was the fact that during all the long hours which this vast multitude of three quarters of a million of souls watched patiently and good humoredly, there was little noise and no confusion, and that the good humor which always becomes contagious in a great crowd, never degenerated into levity or jocundity, nor that the sadness and dejection visible upon every countenance had nothing of dullness in it. Only New York city on this continent furnishes a crowd of such dimensions, of such mixed elements, and of such genuine and general good nature. The full details which follow will give the reader a clear idea of the extent, character and magnificence of the grand procession.

The Trains of Mourners.

The excitement, and the crowding, and the rushing of the people yesterday morning to obtain a view of the remains of the President, in lieu of decreasing as the hour for closing the coffin drew nigh, seemed actually to increase, and where there was anxiety before there was evolved a spirit of positive rudeness. To the honor of the country be it said, however, the majority of those who had remained standing in the streets for hours, patiently waiting for their turn to come, were orderly, sober and silent, as though watching for the advent of some solemn spectacle or listening to distant and mournful music in some cathedral's shadowy aisles.

A brighter or more balmy spring day the sun never shone upon.

On Broadway the scene was one of unusual interest, even to the oldest resident and those most accustomed to move among large multitudes. There were three trains of mourners, anxious to look upon all there was mortal left of the man they mourned. Two had their converging points at the City Hall Park gates on the east side of Broadway, and their extremes extending northward and southward upon Broadway, and the third entered from Centre street, on the eastern side of the Park. The number of persons included in these sub-processions could not have been far short of fifty thousand, exclusive of the crowds standing upon each side, ready to drop into line when a chance presented. And upon the streets running parallel with Broadway the gatherings were equally dense, all intent upon one solo object—a view of the remains known to be within the City Hall, the Mecca of all their present hopes. Many were doomed to be sorely disappointed.

Upon Broadway, south of the Warren street gate, the train extended fully to Dey street at the hour of the closing of the entrances, half-past eleven, and was composed of men, women and children of all nationalities and ranks in life, standing compactly, two-and-two, and crowding up gradually towards the Park entrance. Of course none of those at the southern extremity of the line were enabled to reach the gate, and, when the order was given, dispersed sorrowfully to their homes, or sought positions where they could secure a view at least of the *catafalque*, as it passed in the procession soon to be formed. And the same scenes, the same almost endless sea of faces and endless forest of human forms, upon the same great thoroughfare north of Warren street, extending along the eastern side of the roadway—for once in its history bereft of omnibuses and drays and express wagons and their accompanying horses—the same dense line of people, the same breathless anxiety to reach the portals of the Park, and the same collection of human beings blocking up the remainder of the street and the adjacent streets. This was the condition of things as far north as Chambers street; and above that, as far as the eye well could reach, were to be seen the gathering cohorts for the formation of the grand procession of the day. Banners and transparencies floated in the breeze; the colors of our country, draped in black, waved from every house-top; there was the flashing of bright steel in the clear sunlight, the sound of distant martial music, the muffled tread of many feet, the confused murmur of myriads of subdued human voices. It was a scene in this national drama to be seen and to be heard—and the beholder and hearer of which well might say, "Now that I have seen and heard, let me no longer live on earth"—for the fellow of the scene was never looked upon or listened to upon the Western Continent. And God grant it may never be seen or heard again in the history of this nation!

Upon Centre street the view was equally alive. The train headed for the Chatham street entrance to the Park was just as dense, compared with that upon Broadway; and even at that hour the interal parts of the grand funeral *cortège* were parading the by-streets and marching to the localities where they had been ordered to form in line. To Pearl street extended this vast funereal train. There was a great plain of black hats, a grand galaxy of white linen shirt bosoms, an overwhelming avalanche of broadcloth, and all animated by a common impulse, a single purpose—to reach the City Hall.

But at half-past eleven the gates were closed. There was no more hope for those who had long hoped against hope; and gradually the trains at the Park entrances were broken up and the people departed, disappointed, but determined to see at least the outward covering of the mortal remains they could not behold, and participate in the procession which was to follow them to the depot, whence they were to be taken to the Western States, where there are more mourners and more grief-stricken friends.

Composing a part of these small trains of people who waited to pass in to view the remains of our President were the residents of some of the Western States—Illinois, in particular—who had come here especially to see the last of the man they loved. There were also people from Albany, Philadelphia, Boston, and from the rural districts of Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York, including many large families—the heads of which wished their children to look once upon the face of the great, good man who has gone from our midst. And many of those have to go home disappointed, unless they feel constrained to continue in their endeavors until they succeed. Perhaps a great number will to-day take the train for Chicago, or some other place in the West, hoping for better success than they met in the metropolis. From what was seen in the processions, before the forming of the grand *cortège*, we judge that there must have been over a hundred thousand strangers attracted to New York yesterday for the express purpose of participating in a pageant surpassing in magnificence and extent anything of the kind ever called forth in America. The hotels were all full, and private houses had to be resorted to in many cases to accommodate the unexpected guests from a distance.

Considering the fact that many of the people remained in the streets during the whole night waiting for a chance to see the corpse of Mr. Lincoln, and that many of our citizens came away from their homes at an early hour yesterday morning, bringing their breakfasts and their daily papers, both to be consumed while they stood in the line, it is to be regretted that more time could not have been given them, or that something else could not have been done to facilitate the entrance and egress of the crowds who were fortunate enough to gain the interior of the City Hall. But let the unsuccessful ones console themselves with the thought that they were at least successful in forming a portion of one of the largest spontaneous exhibitions of a nation's reverence for an honest, plain, simple man, that ever the history of the world recorded, or that over the pen of the historian will probably have an opportunity to describe in the future of any of the nations of the earth.

THE CLOSE AT CITY HALL.

The Lying in State.

The closing hours of the obsequial rites at the City Hall were marked by incidents as touching as those of the earlier portions of the ceremony; and when the last spectator had cast his lingering glance upon the bier the thousands who had seen the body were only outnumbered by the thousands who had not seen it, though they eagerly desired to do so. In sad earnestness we have realized how truthfully that old writer spoke who said that "calamity was ordained to be for human kind the perfect glass, wherein we truly see and know ourselves." Only through this terrible affliction could we have learned how strong a hold our kindly-hearted chieftain, and the great principles for which he laid down his life, have obtained upon the national mind. The man is dead, but the principles live, and his foul murder only leaves the cause of liberty and union, to which he devoted his energies, more firmly established than heretofore.

THROUGH THE NIGHT.

The copious descriptions published in the HERALD of yesterday bring the reader up to midnight on Monday. To say that the unceasing current of visitors suffered no diminution during Monday night would be insufficient to convey an idea of the anxiety that was manifested to view the President's remains. At a late hour on Monday evening arrangements were made by which two lines of visitors, instead of one, could pass the bier. The Governor's Room, in front of which the *catafalque* was erected, was thrown open to the people, who entered at the basement on the Murray street side of the Hall, with Common Council passes at first, and subsequently without any passes at all, and moved round the outside of the rotunda, and so out of the building. The effect of this arrangement was that an unbroken stream of mourners flowed past each side of the impassive corpse, and the hourly number of visitors was virtually doubled from the period when this plan was adopted until the end.

Twelve o'clock passed, and the sixth watch were relieved by the seventh. Two o'clock came, and with it another change of the guard of honor. But still there was no perceptible falling off in the pressure of the throng. Noiselessly and rapidly they flitted past in the dim, uncertain light of the gas lamps, and the instant they had gone others took their places. It seemed to those who looked attentively at the corpse—and probably it was so—as if the lower jaw had fallen somewhat, through its long exposure, giving to the settled face of death an aspect more sepulchral than it had hitherto presented. No sound broke the solemn stillness, except the hollow tramping of the soldiery as they marched along the corridors every two hours to relieve the guard. And so the night wore on.

EARLY MORNING.

Not till the first gray shadows of morning began to steal over the heavy folds of the drapery, lending additional melancholy to the scene, was there any break in the monotonous chain of onlookers. And then the torrent was stayed only for a few moments. Fresh arrivals, many of them from the country, began to take the place of the pallid-faced, wearied watchers who had waited all through the night to get their turn. As the day advanced the crowd increased, and by eight o'clock the approaches to the City Hall were more crowded than they were the day before. Broad daylight revealed the traces necessarily left by such an extended vigil. The *catafalque* and its attendant hangings were thickly covered with dust, the face and beard of the corpse were powdered over by the same impalpable material, and the wreaths of flowers, those touching tributes laid by reverent hands upon the coffin, retained little of their original color. The mouth of the corpse, however, had been closed, and the appearance of the face was more lifelike in the open light of day than when invested with the garish hues of gaslight.

FROM THE DOME OF THE ROTUNDA.

Ascending to the narrow balcony encircling the dome of the rotunda, the spectator obtained there a comprehensive view of all that took place. He could see with the utmost distinctness the placid face of the corpse and the circling eddies of visitors ever revolving round it. From his elevated position he could distinguish much that to ordinary observers passed unnoticed. On the thousands of faces that passed before him no other expression but one of deep grief and sorrow was ever visible. It was singular to watch the many efforts made by women to touch the corpse; or failing that, the coffin. Often these attempts were openly made, and were promptly foiled by the vigilance of the attendants; but in many instances a furtive hand, shrouded under shawl or mantle, came in contact with the bier, and the offender passed on, gratified and undetected. The grave, saddened visage of the departed President stood out with sharp distinctness. Gazing on the square cut, manly face of that honest, able backwoodsman—great through his own inherent greatness—one could not but ask how he would have taken the attempts which some of his post-mortem eulogists have made to derive his lineage from the "Lincolns" and the "Bedfords" of an exploded aristocracy. Surely he would have scorned the intended sycophancy, and joined heartily in the outspoken sentiments of Tennyson:—

Trust me,
From you blue heaven above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife,
Smile at the claims of long descent;
How'er it be, it seems to me 'tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

On the crowds passed, without intermission, without noticeable incident. There were veterans, tattooed over with the scars of many well fought battles, and some young soldiers who had evidently not long taken the bounty; aged women whose mourning garments betokened a husband or a son sacrificed, like the lost President, on the altar of his country; and bright, blooming girls, upon whom Time's fingers have hitherto been laid but lightly; country folks in eccentric costumes, and dapper city clerks; old men, gray headed and feeble, and children so young and so numerous that the mystery was how they could ever have got safely inside, considering the dense pressure of the crowd in the streets. In brief, almost every class of life found its representatives in the throng which encompassed the body of the dead.

THE OUTSIDE SCENES.

All this time the lines of waiting mourners were extending further and further into the limits of the impossible. It was evident from the earliest hour that half those who were so patiently standing on the footpaths in Broadway and Centre street could not possibly get a view of the body within the time assigned for the lying in state. Still they remained in the ranks, hoping, apparently against hope, that some unlooked-for diversion might lessen their distance from the wished-for goal. The lines were kept by the police and military combined, and generally with great good humor, considering the enormous demands made upon their patience and endurance by the eager crowd.

FROM THE ROOF.

Seen from the roof of the City Hall, Broadway and its attendant streets were one vast panorama of almost noiseless life. The deathlike stillness was broken only by the occasional beating of a drum, as some of the *flotsam* and *jetsam* of the procession moved to their rendezvous, or the subdued "soughing" of the populace, surging backwards and forwards. The Park in front of the City Hall had been cleared of the crowds of the previous day by the new arrangements for the admission of the public to the building. A thin line of spectators marked the boundary of the chain fence, which formed an extended parallelogram before the entrance of the hall. In this enclosure soon after ten o'clock the military began to assemble. First came a company of the Seventh regiment—New York's pride—and afterwards a detachment of the old Washington Grays, magnificently mounted and equipped, and their officers attired in full mourning. Very soon the bugle call to assemble resounded through the corridor where the dead was lying in its silent state, and the tramp of military feet varied the stealthy footsteps of the passing spectators.

THE MILITARY VIEW THE BODY.

Soon after eleven o'clock several companies of the Seventh regiment, upon whom has devolved the arduous duty of maintaining guard at the City Hall, passed by to view the body. After them followed a number of officers and veterans of the war, some of whom gazed with irrepressible emotion on the loved face of their late Commander-in-Chief.

AN INCIDENT.

The steamboat Granite State, from Hartford, brought down over three hundred passengers, who marched from the boat to the City Hall to view the body. One of their number placed a magnificent cross, two feet in length, upon the coffin. The cross was composed entirely of white camelias, rosebuds and azalias. There was one bud for each of the United States and one azalia to represent each year of the deceased's life. It was made in Hartford from flowers culled from the choicest private conservatories, and was the handiwork of Warren H. Burr, local editor of the Hartford *Daily Post*.

INTERESTING RELICS.

Captain Parker Snow, the distinguished commander of the arctic and antarctic exploring expeditions, presented to Gen. Dix, with a view of their being interred in the coffin with the President, some interesting relics of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition. They consisted of a tattered leaf of a Prayer Book, on which the first word legible was the word "Martyr," and a piece of fringe and some portions of uniform. These suggestive relics, which are soon to be buried out of sight, were found in a boat lying under the head of a human skeleton.

THE DOORS CLOSED.

At twenty minutes to twelve o'clock the doors of admission were closed to the general public, and though for some hours past the people had been admitted at the rate of nearly one hundred a minute—and over one hundred and fifty thousand persons must have seen the body—there yet remained immense crowds who were sent away disappointed. When the preparations for closing the coffin were about to commence, Archbishop McCloskey entered the Governor's Room, and gazed for some seconds at the remains of the departed.

CLOSING THE COFFIN.

Soon after twelve o'clock the last look was taken at the kindly face now stilled in death; the last tribute of affection paid. With practised fingers the undertaker, Mr. F. C. Sands, of Washington, and his assistant, Mr. G. W. Rawes, removed the dust from the face and habiliaments of the dead; the flowers laid upon the coffin were taken charge of by the officials, and a few minutes later the lid was silently screwed down without form or ceremony, and with none but a few officers and orderlies and a couple of reporters as witnesses. The appointed bearers, eight in number, sergeants of the Veteran Reserve, stationed themselves on each side of the coffin, and remained there motionless as statues awaiting further orders.

IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

The Governor's Room, when all but the military and those immediately connected with the obsequies, had withdrawn, presented a brilliant appearance. All the foreign consuls were present, dressed in their diplomatic uniforms. Governor Fenton was in attendance. General Dix, accompanied by his staff, was, of course, present, as also Generals Sandford, Barnard, Eaton, Townsend, Hunter, Caldwell, Peck, Tyler, Butterfield, A. P. Howe and Ramsay; Admiral Paulding and Lieutenant Colonel Dodge, late Provost Marshal. Prominent among the civilians was Rev. Dr. Gurley, the pastor of the deceased President, who, accompanied by Brigadier General J. A. Ekin, came from Washington on Monday afternoon, at the special request of the Secretary of War, and will accompany the remains to their last resting place, at Springfield.

REMOVING THE BODY FROM THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

As the hour of one approached, the word was given to remove the body to the funeral car awaiting it below. Six of the body guard raised it upon their shoulders, and, while a sergeant at each end steadied the coffin to prevent the possibility of accident, bore it slowly down the spiral staircase and out of the City Hall, the whole assemblage following.

Outside the City Hall.

In consequence of the rigid regulations as to admission to the Park there were few civilians immediately outside the City Hall just previous to the arrival of the coffin from the interior. Around the guard, and indeed around all the vicinities where any kind of a view could be had of the *cortège* an immense crowd had congregated. An observation from the steps of the City Hall truly presented a panorama of picturesque solemnity rarely, if ever, witnessed in this metropolis. The eye took in a continuous sea of upturned faces, men, women and children blocked up the squares and streets, filled the windows, housetops and balconies. The drapery of death fluttered mournfully in the spring breezes, while silence, interrupted occasionally by whispered conversation, reigned over all. In front of the City Hall was a clear space, flanked on all sides by the Seventh regiment and the Metropolitan police. Universal order controlled this immense mass of persons, and no incident occurred to mar the general solemnity of the occasion. It was in striking contradistinction to the general displays in which our citizens have been called upon to take part around the City Hall. No cheer came bursting joyously on the ear; no enthusiastic hurrah of the multitude disturbed the solemnity of the occasion; the ringing of bells and solemn tap of the drum alone breaking the ominous silence which designated the great obsequies then being carried out. A large body of police held possession of the City Hall steps and entrances—thus insuring the utmost order and quiet.

PREVIOUS TO REMOVING THE REMAINS TO THE FUNERAL CAR.

As the hour (one o'clock) approached for the moving of the procession, much interest was exhibited among the crowd to catch a glimpse of all movements incidental to the obsequies. Every eye was strained and every voice hushed; no crushing, pushing or crowding disturbed the quietness of the immense concourse, but the flushed cheek, anxious eye and almost inaudible manner, gave indication of the strong sympathies which beat in the hearts of all. The mourning drapery of the City Hall added materially to the solemn effect of the whole scene.

The Seventh regiment was drawn up in line fronting the Hall, and they presented a splendid appearance. Never did this crack corps look better than they did yesterday. Each man seemed imbued with the feeling that the great event of the time called upon him to look and act the soldier in its strictest sense. They had been selected as a guard of honor to their dead President, and the mournful honor had its effect upon them. Proudly sad they had conducted his remains to the City Hall on Monday last; now they were called upon to escort them to the car which was destined to carry the sacred ashes forever from among us. Creditably have they discharged that duty, and with watchful care have the honored remains been guarded while in the metropolis.

At half-past twelve o'clock two companies of the Seventh were marched to the steps of the Hall, and formed line on either side so that the coffin might pass between. About the same time Major General Sandford and staff rode up to the Hall, and having dismounted entered the building. A number of other military gentlemen and distinguished civilians followed. Then came several delegations, who formed in order of procession immediately inside the principal entrance through which the coffin was momentarily expected to emerge.

ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL CAR.

At ten minutes to one o'clock the funeral car, which was specially constructed to carry the remains through the city, appeared in front of the Hall. It was drawn by sixteen gray horses, handsomely caparisoned, and was the subject of general admiration; so elegant and tastily constructed a piece of work has scarcely ever been applied to such a purpose. This car, being destined to conduct the remains to the railroad depot, was gazed on with feelings of the deepest curiosity by the concourse of people who had gathered in the vicinity. Its gorgeous decorations flashed in the midday sun, while the groups of national flags which were placed at each corner hung listlessly over the top, as if enervated, and lacking vitality sufficient to mourn for him who was the representative and upholder of their spotless integrity. A colored groom held each of the horses by the head. They were dressed in black and carried crape on the hat and left arm, with mourning rosettes on the breast. Mr. Peter Relyea, the undertaker, conducted the car in through the Broadway entrance to the Park, and then walked the horses round so as to face the route through which the procession was to pass.

THE REMAINS CARRIED FROM THE HALL.

When the funeral car had been placed in its proper position Major General Dix, with cap in hand, appeared on the steps of the hall and gave the signal for the remains to be carried out. The coffin then appeared, borne on the stalwart shoulders of the guard of honor from the Veteran Reserve corps. All in the immediate vicinity instinctively uncovered. The band of the Seventh regiment played a mournful dirge, the City Hall bell tolled, the military presented arms, and, amid the unbroken silence among the multitude, the mortal remains of Abraham Lincoln were borne to the funeral car. The scene was one to impress the most thoughtless. All looked as if they truly felt the great solemnity of the hour. It was a sight to soften the heart, quicken the pulse and dim the eye. Strong and brave men felt like women. Many an eye was moistened with the tear of sorrow; many a heart, steeled by the hardening influences of the world, was softened; many a kindly, generous thought flashed through the brain as the dead President was borne in front of that crowd yesterday from the City Hall. Surely no opponent of Mr. Lincoln's was amid that assemblage at that particular moment. The assassin's pistol and dagger had severed bad opinions from principles which had opposed the man while living. The quotation could well be misapplied in this instance:—

The evil that men do live after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

None can forget Mr. Lincoln's good qualities as a man and a President.

A ladder was placed by the side of the funeral car, which was ascended by the soldiers bearing the coffin, and the remains placed thus in their proper receptacle.

FORMING THE PROCESSION—A PAUSE IN THE PROGRAMME.

The Seventh regiment and other portions of the procession contiguous to the funeral car was then formed. Sergeants of the Reserve corps, with drawn sabres, stood round the remains, while the military dignitaries, Congressional delegations and other bodies ranged themselves in the order marked out for them.

The time appointed for the procession to move was one o'clock precisely, but the hour hand pointed to two before the funeral car got under way. Even when it did commence to move, there were several halts in the Park, as the line was somewhat obstructed on its march up Broadway.

THE REMAINS PASSING OUT OF THE PARK.

At length the arrangements for onward progress were complete, and the head of the Seventh regiment filed out of the Park into Broadway. A few minutes later the funeral car followed, and the entire procession slowly marched off with steady, solemn pace, amid a muffled roll of drums and saddened strains of funeral dirges from a number of bands.

THE PROCESSION.

The Military Display.

The military had the lead of the great funeral procession yesterday in more senses than one. In fact the militia astonished every one yesterday, though every one knows that it is not easy now-a-days to astonish the citizens of New York. When the history of the New York militia is written there will be two pages in their annals more interesting, more creditable and more gallant than all the others, and these will record their prompt response to the call of President Lincoln to defend the national capital in 1861, and the unanimity, force and order with which they turned out to escort the remains of that same great and good President on their passage through New York on the 24th and 25th of April, 1865. The military pageant yesterday—if such so solemn and mournful a display can properly be denominated—exceeded anything in the military order that ever occurred in the city of New York. In numbers, in discipline, and unmistakable interest each individual seemed to vie with the rest in the desire to appear to advantage, and thus honor the remains of the martyr President who has led the nation successfully and triumphantly through the storms of treason and rebellion, and at last sealed his devotion to the cause of the nation with his blood and his life. None know better than the soldiers how to honor the great, the brave and the true patriot, and the display yesterday was a proof beyond prevarication that the militia of the metropolis can fully appreciate the time, the circumstances and the event which call forth the tribute of honor and gratitude to the departed great. But to the procession and the military part of it. How can we convey an idea of what it was? The mere mention of dry figures will not do this, nor will the bare announcement that so many regiments, with swelling ranks and patriotic hearts were there, accomplish the object. We must enter into a few details at least.

The first intimation made to the mighty throng along the route of the procession that it was moving was the sound of the artillery, then the sound of marching music and muffled drums. But the first tangible proof of the approach of the procession was the advance of a squadron, or, more correctly, a troop squad, or whatever you like, of mounted police, bearing back the crowded populace on both sides of the line of the procession. It is no part of the procession to describe how the people submitted to this prelude, and the patience and quiet they evinced in bearing with it, and even assisting in carrying out the efforts of the police, or a volume in commendation might be written. They bore it well, and that is enough to record. The next part of the procession or grand escort of the remains of Abraham Lincoln from the city of New York was the approach of a body of about one hundred dragoons. These dragoons were handsomely attired in blue, with yellow and red facings, rode elegant horses, wore plumes of white and black, moved with the utmost regularity, solemnity and precision, and were universally admired by the million (literally the million) along the route. Next to these came four generals. Among these was General Sandford; but the people did not seem to take much interest in these, but simply looked, and seemed to say, "We want to see something else. Military generals are very good in their way, but we prefer the militia." Then came a large number of staff officers which the people looked on momentarily without comment, their chief desire being to see the rank and file of the militia, who, it was well understood, had turned out in unprecedented force to escort the remains of the lamented President Lincoln through the Empire City to their last resting place. After the large number of generals and staff officers had passed, the Duncan light artillery passed along, and was certainly well calculated to hold so prominent a place in the procession. The troops, as well as all those who preceded and followed them, wore black crape on the left arm. Their standards were enshrouded in the same sable gauzy material. The men did not wear the cheerful look, the joyous deportment, which usually characterize the militiamen when they turn out on great occasions. There was sorrow and solemnity pervading and forming the feature and general aspect of all. It was proper that these troops should have the advance of the procession. They were from Brooklyn, and, being strangers and sojourners from the sister city, were assigned the conspicuous position of the advance in the whole display. The Fifty-second regiment of infantry, Colonel Cole commanding, preceded by a splendid band and drum corps, came next. The infantry were a relief to the people, for, somehow or other, most people can scarcely believe that anything else but infantry are soldiers. They marched in platoons, with a front to each platoon of twenty men. And they marched well. There was no applause, however, from the vast multitude. Silently and steadily moved the troops. Their banners are draped and folded; mourning emblems are borne by every man, and the sidearms carried by the officers are bound in deep mourning. And thus they march in common time. After the Fifty-second come the Forty-seventh; their uniform is the same blue—the color worn by the gallant troops who have preserved our nation and reflected honor upon the now drooping and furled national colors. Colonel Messerale marched at their head, immediately in rear of the band. All were in full dress, the officers wearing epaulettes, and the men appearing in their brightest colors. Many of the troops, in addition to the crape on the left arm, prescribed in the general order, also wore miniature likenesses of the late President on their breasts, with other distinguishing marks of grief and remembrance. Next came the band of the Twenty-third regiment, followed by Colonel Pratt and the staff officers of that handsome and historic corps. They marched as well, and perhaps better, than the two infantry regiments which preceded them, and their ranks were fuller and perhaps more precise in their evolutions. There was little difference, however, in their general aspect. They brought up the rear of the Fifth brigade. By this time the people had seen a considerable number of infantry, and the variation of an artillery battery was not displeasing. The Brigadier General and his staff which preceded, obtained a passing notice, as usual, and then the battery rolled and marched along to advantage. The Seventieth regiment of cavalry, with their gay red and white plumes, their colors of white and red, their lances and gaily caparisoned horses, came tramping along after the artillery, and rode with a grace and nonchalance that would not discredit the renowned troopers of the indefatigable Sheridan. The Twenty-eighth and Fourteenth regiments, with full ranks, and all of Brooklyn, came next. It is unnecessary to say anything of these two celebrated regiments. Everybody knows them. Their fame reaches to the Army of the Potomac, and to every soldier in it. Their record is not to be written in connection with a parade in New York, even though it be the obsequies of President Lincoln. The Fourteenth regiment has made its career historic at Bull Run and nearly all the succeeding conflicts in the Army of the Potomac, from that memorable field to Spottsylvania Court House. The gallant comrades who obeyed the great martyred chief when he called upon them have amply attested their devotion to the country and its honor by the numbers of their dead and maimed strewn upon innumerable battlefields. It was no wonder then that the Fourteenth regiment created a sensation—a deep and sorrowing sensation—as it moved along bearing its tattered and enshrouded colors draped and sorrowing through the route of the procession. The Thirteenth regiment, Colonel J. B. Woodward, another Brooklyn corps, brought up the rear of the Fifth brigade, and with its honorable and patriotic record was also received with great favor by the appreciative multitudes through which this gallant regiment had the honor to march.

To detail the movements of the city regiments comprising the First division is unnecessary. They all did well. They turned out in larger force than on any former occasion. Like the troops comprising the Second division, which had the advance, they all, with the exception of the Seventh regiment, which was the immediate guard of the funeral car, carried their arms at a shoulder, had their colors draped and wore crape on the left arm. Among the various regiments it would be difficult to say which did best. There was nothing wanting that could contribute to beauty and effect in any single organization. In advance of the Twenty-second regiment marched the garrison of Hart's Island, consisting of five hundred men, composing a body of veterans, under command of Major M. S. Ewen, from various veteran regiments. No troops were better appreciated than these heroes of many battles. They marched and manœuvred as they have often done in front of the enemy on the battlefields of the war for the Union, and that is enough to say for them. Their band preceded them playing dirges in common time, and they bore the colors of many regiments whose names and memories have reflected glory and victory on the starry flag. The officers of the Seventy-ninth, in their martial Scottish costumes, though there were only a few of them, brought back all the battle fields from Blackburn's ford to Knoxville. Their Highland plaid brought tears to many eyes. The Fifty-ninth regiment, with their red pants and caps, *à la* chasseurs d'Afrique, also recalled the historic scenes of the commencement and progress of the rebellion. The Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first Twenty-second, the old Eighth, Twelfth, and all the city regiments, could not be mistaken, nor their career forgotten, as they marched along. Nothing could be more in keeping with the time and the solemn occasion than to have these brave and tried corps doing honor to the remains of him who was so lately the centre, the pivot, on which the army and the people had so long revolved in their honest efforts to suppress the rebellion against the Union, freedom and nationality. Most of the old colors borne by these regiments attested, in their torn and faded, though shrouded colors, the efforts that these loyal and gallant militia organizations had made to sustain the government of their fathers in its fullness of dominion and inviolate integrity. The Fourth artillery, numbering seven hundred men, under Colonel Teller, too, though it carried no flag, bore along the guns with which it assisted to hurl back the insolent hosts of Lee from the soil of Pennsylvania in 1863.

The whole military pageant was grand. On no other occasion did New York or any other city display such a force of citizen militia. There were eighteen city regiments in the parade, and they averaged fully five hundred men each, thus making a total of nine thousand troops, besides the batteries, guns and their staffs, escort and so forth, amounting to one thousand more, which made the whole number of city militia in the parade at least ten thousand men. The United States troops and the Brooklyn regiments numbered five thousand more, so that the entire force of military in the procession reached the grand figure of fifteen thousand men. This calculation is further corroborated by another calculation. The troops, when formed, had their extreme right resting on Barclay street, and thence they extended in line of formation or double line to Twenty-fifth street, a distance of four miles. Besides this, they extended down Canal street six blocks and around Union square, which would make altogether about four miles and a half. Now, the number of yards in this distance is eight thousand nine hundred and twenty, and as each man would occupy about one yard, a single line would give eight thousand nine hundred and twenty men; but as the line was double there were twice that number, which gives us seventeen thousand eight hundred and forty; then allow two thousand eight hundred and forty for gaps in the line, and we have, at the lowest estimate, fifteen thousand men bearing arms in the procession. The Seventh regiment, Colonel Clark, turned out nine hundred men, and marched with trailed arms. They were followed by a battalion of marines, which was about three hundred strong, and the officers of the army and navy of the United States now in the city. The following are the names of some of the military and naval officers in the procession:—Major General Palmer, Brig-

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